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THE MILK-MAID.



J. ROPER, PRINTER,
VOL. II.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
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ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXVII.—THE MILK TRADE OF LONDON.

WISHING to be learned and profound, we turned to the "Encyclopædia of Antiquities" by the erudite Fosbroke, and under the head "MILK," find it very gravely stated, "every schoolboy knows the use of it among the classical ancients." Indeed!—that is more than we would give "every schoolboy" credit for. But to proceed. Our author says, "We find milk and water drank on fasts by the Anglo-Saxons." So!—the use of the pump boasts a venerable antiquity. Then rejoice, ye London vendors of "thin potations," for you can trace up your time-honoured practices to those remote periods, from whence all that is grand in our laws and constitution has descended. Moreover, the reverend antiquary assures us, that "with some classes of the Britons, *it* (i. e. milk and water) was almost the sole beverage, and continued so, in some districts, down to the reign of Elizabeth." Think of that! Teetotalism may hide its diminished head. Water has been administered to milk from an early period in our annals, and whole classes of hardy Britons drank nothing but blue milk (without taking the pledge) throughout a succession of generations.

Seeing the antiquity of our subject, we need not begin to inquire when or how the people of London first began to imbibe water and milk. One sentence more from Fosbroke settles the matter. Not only was Britain famous for milk, but we are assured that "cream for custards, milk for flawns, hawking London milk-maids, milk-wives, and milk-pails, occur in the sixteenth century." Ay did they—they occurred much earlier, as we have already shown; and should any man be so unreasonable as to doubt the assertion, let him turn to Nelson's quarto on "merry Islington," and there he will find, that this famous adjunct of London has been celebrated for "the richness of its pastures," and that the Romans, "it is reasonable to conjecture," actually "derived a large portion of their needful supplies from the luxuriant herbage."

Therefore at the present day, and from time immemorial, London is divided into "Milk Walks," which are footed morning and night by the industrious retailers of "albuminous and oleaginous principles." Some reader stares, and asks, "What's that?" Why, you stupid, milk has been found to be "a compound fluid," and is said chiefly to consist of "oleaginous and albuminous principles, with different salts." These principles, however, are not administered to the people of London in their native ferocity. A compounder of stuff which he called gin was asked, if he sold the liquid fire in its original state, with all its burning powers. "Oh, no," he replied, "poor things! (the speaker was a humane man) it would scald their bowels—we comforts it for them." So the milk-folks of London are more considerate to their customers, than to supply them with over-proof doses of "albuminous and oleaginous principles, with different salts."

No! they "comforts it for them." They carry their milk to the pump, and mitigate the activity of the "principles."

Islington, though its fields and pastures have nearly all disappeared, still supplies a large portion of the "milk and water" used by the people of London. Nelson, in his "History of Islington," published in 1811, states that the number of cows kept for supplying the metropolis, was then estimated at between eight and nine thousand. "The quantity of milk yielded by each cow, has been averaged at nine quarts per day. The retail dealer agrees with the cow-keeper for the produce of a certain number of cows: for this purpose certain persons are employed in the cow-house, called milkers, who are paid by the retailer. The milk is sold pure to the retail dealers; but in delivering it to the consumer an increase takes place, the milk being mixed with water. The milk room is mostly furnished with a pump, to which the retail dealers apply in rotation, not secretly, but openly, and pump water into the milk vessels at their discretion; the pump being placed there for that purpose, and but seldom used for any other."

The milk is conveyed from the cow-house in pails, chiefly by women, though men are also engaged. The women are either Welsh or Irish—very few Scotch or even English women, being found amongst them. The "milk walks" of London are, to a considerable extent, appropriated by Welsh people, who, when they migrate to the metropolis, regard the retailing of milk to be as peculiarly *their* business, as Jews regard the picking up of old clothes.

Two natives of India, who have recently published a "Journal of a Residence of Two Years and a Half in Great Britain," have given an account of a visit to the most celebrated dairy near London, and we therefore extract it.

"We paid a visit to Thomas Flight, Esq., of High-bury terrace, who is the proprietor of Laycock's dairy, Islington, near London, and which place we visited. It is certainly one of the curiosities of London, and is a most valuable and extensive property. There are fourteen acres surrounded by a high wall, and which is nearly covered with buildings for the several purposes required. And first, there are upwards of four hundred cows, which are kept for supplying milk, twice in each day, namely, at three o'clock in the morning, and at noon, being milked by women. The whole of the cows are kept in stalls, and the food is varied as much as possible. Mangel wurzel, a large species of beet root, is their chief food, and then they have turnips, cabbages, carrots, and clover; when they do not continue to give a large quantity of milk, oil cake and other things are given to fatten them for sale at Smithfield market. All the cows are fine animals, sleek as race horses, and they are curried with a comb every day. As it is quite necessary to have four hundred cows to milk each day, they are obliged to keep more than that number on the premises; and there is a hospital for the cows to have their calves in, and where any that are unwell have medical treatment."

The milk is taken into a dairy as soon as milked, which place is kept most scrupulously clean, being scoured with hot water, and every thing in it, twice every day. It is supposed that in London more than eight million gallons of milk are used in a year. There are immense pits for the reception of grains, which is a great article of food for the cows. Grains are the refuse of malt, after beer has been made from it; and we were surprised to learn, that if covered from the air, they would keep good, and fit for the cows to eat, for seven years. There must be an immense capital locked up, as each of the cows is worth more than twenty pounds, and the proprietor is obliged to have four farms, to supply all the varied green food that is required. He has a great number of horses constantly fetching grains and the daily food required, and to cart away the manure. He has also numerous male and female servants about the premises to pay."

Our picture represents one of the numerous suppliers of "Milk below!"

INTELLECTS OF MEN AND WOMEN COMPARED.*

THE theory of the mental equality of the sexes has not wanted eminent supporters. Plato says, there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength. Professor Dugald Stewart is of the same opinion, and thinks, that the intellectual and moral differences which we observe are only the result of education. Voltaire thinks, that women are on a level with men in every talent but invention. With all due deference to these high authorities, we cannot subscribe to their views.

It will not be denied, that, be they assignable to education or nature, great differences do exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes. Of these differences, the following appear to us to be the most remarkable: Women have less of active, and more of passive, courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve, and, with it, all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic,—their sympathy is more lively,—they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are, certainly, not superior to man in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate—less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion which is at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalization. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention; and, though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less.

To say, not with respect to individuals, but universally, that certain mental qualities arise, exclusively, from natural temperament, and that education has absolutely no share whatever in their development, is impossible; but it can at least be said, that, with respect to some qualities, the influence of education is imperceptible, and can have conduced to them, if at all, in a very slight degree. Such, for example, are woman's superiority in passive courage—greater excitability of nerve—warmer enthusiasm, and livelier sympathy.

On the other hand, there are qualities on which the prevailing influence of education can with more probability be admitted. Such are the nice perception of minute circumstances—and the inferiority in powers of generalization, and in a capacity for concentrated attention. Yet, even in these cases, we shall be obliged to admit, to a considerable extent, the possible instrumentality of natural temperament. Education and habit, by contracting woman's sphere of observation, induce a nice perception of minutiae; but delicacy of nerve, mixed with somewhat of that timidity which belongs to a sense of physical weakness, will tend to produce the same result. Excitability of nerve is also adverse to the exercise of the reasoning powers, and to steady and concentrated attention—though herein, perhaps, the influence of education is more clearly and extensively admissible than in any other respect; and woman's indisposition to generalize is more attributable to her livelier sympathy and stronger interest, in individual cases, than to any want of training in those grammatical studies to which Professor Stewart appears to attach undue importance.

If the intellectual inequality of the two sexes were attributable to education rather than to nature, the evidence of inequality would be least apparent in those instances in which education has least influence. Such is that remarkable aptitude and ability which is termed *genius*, and which, when existing in the highest degree, is confessedly independent of the influence of education, and is even not to be repressed by any obstacles of an ordinary kind. If, then, nature had bestowed intellectual gifts in equal abundance on the two sexes, we might reasonably expect that the number of women of remarkable genius—of women who have attained the highest eminence in literature and art—would have been as considerable as that of men. But how stands the case? We will not apply a severe, and what some might call an unfair test, and ask for the female counterparts in genius to those great leaders of their race who have been mightiest in the arts of war and government; because the exercise of such arts is not congenial with female habits. We will look for excellence of the highest kind in the calm pursuits of literature and taste—pursuits which are as well adapted to the habits of women as of men, and for which nothing in the education of men peculiarly tends to enable them to excel. We will set aside science, lest it should be considered too severe, and take for our basis of comparison poetry and the fine arts; in which the sensitive and imaginative temperament, and refined and tasteful habits of women, might, *a priori*, be presumed to give them an unquestionable superiority over the more stubborn nerve and coarser habits of man. Yet, though educated women are very conversant with elegant literature, even more than the majority of men, and many have, from all times, been *versifiers*—and though the poet is proverbially "born, not made;" and though there is nothing in the habits of women which, so much as in the severer occupations of men, should tend to quench the poetical fire, or induce them to resist its inspiration; yet, where is the poetess whom even partiality could place in that elevated class to which belong our Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Byron?—Women, especially in England, have written so much and so well, as to prove that they have no natural inaptitude for poetry; and there are not a few (of whom some are living) who have written with a degree of power and beauty, which, though it cannot raise them to the highest class, or create a strong impression upon the public taste, ought to elevate them far above the disparaging character of mediocrity. This, therefore, is a fair field of competition—this is good ground on which to try the question of natural superiority. Yet, in this least masculine exercise of intellect—this depart-

* From the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

ment so suitable to their more sympathetic and nervous temperament—although there has been excellence, yet that which is of the highest class has never been displayed by woman.

Look, next, at the arts of painting and music. These are arts which seem to depend most upon qualities which are rather attributes of the female character, than of the sterner and less sensitive nature of man. They are less congenial with the ordinary pursuits and avocations of men than of women; and, by the influence of education, especially in this country, they fall peculiarly to woman's share. For twenty girls to whom music and drawing are a part of education, you will scarcely find one boy respecting whom it is the same. In other countries the difference may be less; but still the cultivation of these arts will be found to preponderate on the female side. Moreover, these are arts which are not treated by women as mere embellishments. They are pursued by many as professions—they are cultivated with all the ardour which the keenest sense of self-interest can inspire. Yet, where are the great names?—There have been many men whose names will live, as painters and composers of music, as long, perhaps, as the delightful arts in which they excelled continue to be appreciated as an important portion of the innocent pleasures of civilized society. But of what woman can we say the same? We cannot name one whose title to such distinction would be ratified by the public voice. These are plain and undeniable facts; and we see not how we can avoid the obvious inference, that, even in those departments of the intellect which are most congenial with woman's nature, education, and pursuits, there is not such an approach to equality of power, as to enable woman to attain those heights to which man's superiority sometimes raises him.

To turn from the ornamental arts to institute a comparison respecting the exercises of intellect on those important public matters on which depend the welfare of the state, might seem almost futile and absurd. Yet we cannot dismiss the comparison altogether in silence, while there are those who seriously, and we will add, plausibly, hold, that women should be admitted to share in the exercise of political power. To such advocates of the rights of women, many might deem it a sufficient answer to ask what evidence of the possession of legislative and administrative abilities has been hitherto given by woman. Debarred, as she is, from the practice of politics, what proof has she given of consummate knowledge of them in theory? What work has issued from a female hand, what words have ever fallen from female lips, fraught with such lessons of political wisdom as man might study with advantage? Of deceased female writers on political subjects, the only one of such distinguished ability as to deserve to be cited as a remarkable exception, is Madame de Staël. Yet who, after reading her eloquent works, does not feel that their merit resides in their brilliancy, rather than in their profoundness—that they dazzle, rather than convince—that they display qualities fitter for the orator than the statesman—that they do not inspire confidence in the judgment of the writer, or cause us to feel that the practical guidance of public affairs would have been committed with safety to the utterer of those sparkling epigrams.

TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN CHARLESTON, NORTH AMERICA.

BY JAMES STUART, ESQ.

My driver was a free man of colour. He gave a frightful account of the treatment to which he and all the people of colour, whether free or slaves, are subject in this State.

He had been accustomed formerly to go every season to the State of New York, during the period when, owing to the inhabitants leaving the city, business was almost at a stand; but, by an act passed a few years ago, it is declared that a free person of colour leaving the State, though merely crossing the boundary, shall not be allowed to return; and, as he has a wife and family, he feels himself really and truly a prisoner in the State of South Carolina. The same law declares that it shall not be lawful for free persons of colour to come from another State into this. If they should be brought in a vessel, they are immediately confined in gaol, till the vessel is ready to proceed to sea,—the captain paying the expenses of their detention. It is now contrary to law that even free persons of colour should be educated; they are incompetent witnesses in any case where the rights of white persons are concerned; and their trials are conducted by a justice of the peace and freeholders, without the benefit of a jury. So far as respects the slaves, they are even in a worse situation; for though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of colour, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, a hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by mistreating a slave. Stewart beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life: the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day however passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill-using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on her bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment.—Mrs. Street in the mean time took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it, and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house; but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted it. I had put up my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes; I asked him what was the matter? He told me, that just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek-bone from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering;—that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife, with his two children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mr. Street,—that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with

them, he was never allowed to see them,—he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street.

Whenever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the gaol, where, for a trifling douceur to the gaoler or his assistants, he is whipped or beaten as the master desires. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, in his travels, mentions that he visited the gaol in December, 1825; that the "black overseers go about every where armed with cow-hides; that in the basement story there is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or at the request of the masters, are flogged; that the machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with two nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up, while the feet are bound tight to a plank; that the body is stretched out as much as possible,—and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes as counted off. The public sale of slaves in the market-place at Charleston occurs frequently. I was present at two sales, where, especially at one of them, the miserable creatures were in tears on account of their being separated from their relations and friends. At one of them, a young woman of sixteen or seventeen was separated from her father and mother, and all her relations, and every one she had formerly known. This not unfrequently happens, although I was told and believe that there is a general wish to keep relations together, where it can be done."

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston to a friend of his at New York, contains even a more shocking account of the public sales of slaves here. "Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction sales of the negroes. A few days since I attended one which exhibited the features of slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table,—their physical proportions examined,—their defects and beauties noted.—'A prime lot, here they go!' There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he dared not speak; and the mother, pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming, in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, 'I can't leff my children! I won't leff my children!' But on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered for ever. On another stand I saw a man apparently as white as myself, exposed for sale. I turned away from the humiliating spectacle.

"At another time I saw the concluding scene of this infernal drama. It was on the wharf. A slave ship, for New Orleans, was lying in the stream, and the poor negroes, handcuffed and pinioned, were hurried off in boats eight at a time. Here I witnessed the last farewell,—the heart-rending separation of every earthly tie. The mute and agonizing embrace of the husband and wife, and the convulsive grasp of the mother and the child, were alike torn asunder—for ever! It was a living death,—they never see nor hear of each other more. Tears flowed fast, and mine with the rest."

Charleston has long been celebrated for the severity of its laws against the blacks, and the mildness of its punishment towards the whites for maltreating them. Until the late law, there were about seventy-one crimes for which slaves were capitally punished, and for which the highest punishment for whites was imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A dreadful case of murder occurred at Charleston in 1806. A planter, called John Slater, made an unoffending, unresisting slave be bound hand and foot, and compelled

his companion to chop off his head with an axe, and to cast his body, convulsed with the agonies of death, into the water. Judge Wild, who tried him, on awarding a sentence of imprisonment against this wretch, expressed his regret that the punishment provided for the offence was insufficient to make the law respected,—that the delinquent too well knew that the arm which he had stretched out for the destruction of his slave, was that to which alone he could look for protection, disarmed as he was of the rights of self-defence.

But the most horrible butchery of slaves which has ever taken place in America, was the execution of thirty-five of them, on the lines near Charleston, in the month of July, 1822, on account of an alleged conspiracy against their masters. The whole proceedings are monstrous. Sixty-seven persons were convicted before a court consisting of a justice of the peace, and freeholders, without a jury. The evidence of slaves, not upon oath, was admitted against them, and, after all, the proof was extremely scanty. Per-rault, a slave, who had himself been brought from Africa, was the chief witness. He had been torn from his father, who was very wealthy, and a considerable trader in tobacco and salt on the coast of Africa. He was taken prisoner, and was sold, and his purchaser would not give him up, although three slaves were offered in his stead. The judge's address on pronouncing sentence of death on this occasion, on persons sold to slavery and servitude, and who, if they were guilty, were only endeavouring to get rid of it in the only way in their power, seems monstrous. He told them that the servant who was false to his master would be false to his God,—that the precept of St. Paul was to obey their masters in all things, and of St. Peter, to be subject to their masters with all fear, and that, had they listened to such doctrines, they would not now have been arrested by an ignominious death.

The proceedings of this trial made some noise at the time. An official account of it was published, in which the execution of so great a number of persons was justified by the precedent of George the Second, who executed fifty-four of the first men in Britain for the rebellion of 1745.

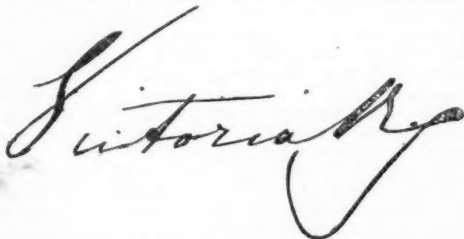
The existence of slavery in its most hideous form, in a country of absolute freedom in most respects, is one of those extraordinary anomalies for which it is impossible to account. No man was more sensible of this than Jefferson, nor more anxious that so foul a stain on the otherwise free institutions of the United States should be wiped away. His sentiments on this subject, and on the peculiar situation of his countrymen in maintaining slavery, are thus given in a communication to one of his friends:—"What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must await with patience the workings of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full,—when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness,—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. I.

IN commencing a series of autographs and notices of distinguished persons, which it is our intention to continue until we have nearly exhausted the subject, it is proper to mention, that our object embraces the names of the most eminent individuals of past and present times. We shall, however, in the first instance, confine ourselves to the more distinguished of living characters. Some of the autographs, it is proper to add, have previously appeared in a publication with which one of the editors of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL was connected. It is believed, however, that in the great majority of cases, they will be new to the readers of this periodical. The series of autographs when completed will be the most extensive, valuable, and varied ever submitted to the public; and cannot fail to prove a great additional attraction to the Journal.

THE QUEEN.

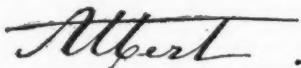
It will be admitted on all hands that we cannot make a better commencement than with the most illustrious personage in the land. Here is the autograph of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which we copy from her Majesty's actual penmanship, procured expressly for this Journal, and not from any fac-simile which had before appeared.



And a fine bold dashing specimen of penmanship it is. Of her Majesty's personal appearance we need say nothing; as a better idea on that point may be obtained from the many portraits of her which have appeared. Long may she continue to wield the sceptre of these realms, is, we are sure, the fervent prayer, not only of all our readers, but of all her subjects.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Whose autograph could so appropriately follow that of her Majesty, as her Majesty's royal consort?



It will be gratifying to our readers to know that the reports which have recently been in circulation to the effect that his royal highness is labouring under alarming illness, are unfounded. His constitution is not, we believe, robust, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; but under the skilful direction of his physician, there is every reason to believe that he will be long spared to her Majesty and her loyal subjects. At present his health is stated to be particularly good. He is one of the most handsome and amiable young men we have ever seen. He is tall and singularly well formed; and the features of his face are remarkably regular and pleasing. We have rarely seen a more intelligent countenance, while nothing could be more calculated than his manner to win the affections or inspire the respect of her Majesty's subjects.

His royal highness is a man of poetic taste and varied accomplishments. He possesses an exquisite taste in the fine arts, and devotes much of his time to drawing and historical painting. He has not yet reached his twenty-second year.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

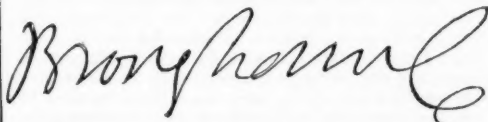
The next most illustrious personage in the land—illustrious, we mean, by courtesy, is the Duke of Wellington. His grace writes a wonderfully good hand for a man who is bordering on his seventy-third year.



Though the noble duke has lately experienced various serious attacks of illness, he still looks healthful and happy. Until the dissolution of the recent parliament he was one of the most regular of the peers in his attendance in the House of Lords. He is fond of playing the pedestrian, and repeatedly walks from the House of Lords to Apsley House, just as if he were the obscurest man in the kingdom. His hair has recently assumed a snow-white aspect. It is long, but rather thin. His countenance is placid, and his complexion clear, with a mixture of red in it. He is above the middle height, and well made.

LORD BROUGHAM.

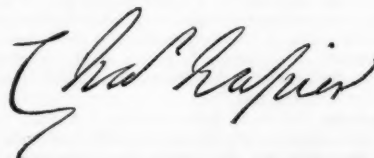
Next we present our readers with the autograph of one who is perhaps the first man of the day; we mean Lord Brougham. He writes a bold hurried hand, which so far is in accordance with the impetuosity of his character.



The noble and learned lord returned a few weeks ago from a residence of some months on the continent, chiefly in Italy, and we are happy to say, with renovated health and spirits. We have rarely known a man verging on his sixtieth year, so vigorous in body as well as in mind.

COMMODORE SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Having given a lengthened sketch of the hero of Acre in the beginning of our previous volume, we need do nothing more on the present occasion, than present our readers with his autograph.



At the moment we write, the gallant Commodore is engaged in an active canvass for the representation of Marylebone. By the time this number of our Journal is in the hands of our readers, he will be either the accepted or rejected of Marylebone—the probability is that he will be the former. In our next we shall resume our autographs and notices of distinguished persons.

THE DRUNKARD'S SUNDAY MORNING.

AFTER a few hours, not of sleep, but of a cessation of raving and riot, the drunkard awakens. The gross immoralities, or, it may be, peccadilloes of last night's debauch are dimly before him, and he stares about wildly and rubs his blood-shot eyes to ascertain where he is. The beast has drowned his reason and recollection, and although his bed-post and he are acquaintances of many years' standing, he knows it not! Puzzled in his grog-entailed stupidity, he turns round and sees the companion of his pillow asleep by his side. Poor, unfortunate woman! Her place is a living atlas of sadness, sorrow, and despair. How wan, and haggard, and sorrow-harrowed is that countenance, where erewhile health and happiness delighted to luxuriate! On the farther side, for suppose him a parent, he sees his own child—a child born to sorrow, and a patrimony of indigence and bad fame. The incessant outpouring of the mother's tears is told on the face of infancy; its chubbiness is giving way, and rising melancholy already knows the face it will invade in after years. The drunkard groans and sighs, but it is not for the bitterness of maternal tears, neither is his soul touched for the helplessness of his child. Oh, no! his last groat is gone, and, to use the slang phrase of the fraternity, he is at a loss how "to raise the wind." And this, and this alone, is the sole cause of his uneasiness and despondency; he is in what is technically termed "the horrors;" and unless some scarcely more provident brother chip comes the way to procure "a hair of the dog that bit him," he puffs an oath that the dissolution of his worthless body and unmanly soul is nigh.

The scene around him is little calculated to cheer him out of his despondency. His presses and wardrobe are alike empty, want frowns from every corner of his dwelling, and the inroads and iron foot of disease are visible around him. Still the infatuated wretch pants for the ruinous cup—the cup of poison and alcohol—the cup that stole away his substance, that benumbed the nobleness of humanized feelings within him, and reduced to the grade of a brute the once fine image of his Creator. His furniture has been knocked to the four winds of heaven by the auctioneer's hammer, and his clothes lie under the embargo of the pawnbroker.

The heat of the torrid zone is within him, and remorse, like a cockatrice, sits on his disturbed and maddened brain. His morbid, has sadly out-run his natural appetite, and he pants, and yawns, and prays for just another glass. His panting is mournfully indicative of a broken-down constitution, broken down by unfathomed potations, and the whole round of vicious indulgences accompanying inebriety. And, morally speaking, every attempt thus to "mend the head" is but another blow—another ten-pounder hurled to storm the constitution. If the stomach of a man were like an aqueduct, which could gorge and disgorge its full with impunity, then the worst class of drinkers would not, perhaps, be the shortest livers; but, as it is, the nice structure of our organs renders it otherwise.

The church-bells begin to knoll, and the drinker casts an eye to his trunk—but, alas! it is empty. Saddened by the recollection of better days, he relapses into sullen and dogged taciturnity; or, maddened, he bellows forth deep and heavy curses on the heads of his friends, and on his own immortal soul. He would fain act the long-headed politician with his wife, and is mighty persuasive to goad her into a new commercial, or, rather tipping treaty—"If she would send Betty or Jeanie for a gill of right stuff—real stingo, he would pass his word for it, that no man should ever see him drunk." Very good; but he has deceived her a hundred times, and she heeds him not; the sacredness of oaths and promises he acknowledges not;

they are but so much empty breath—not morally binding, and he always violated them on the first temptation.

In the dwelling of the drunkard, the melody of psalms and the voice of prayer is never heard on Sunday morning. Oh, no! the turtle-dove nestles not there—it is the spirit of the raven and the croak of thirst. But he occupies it not, except at short intervals. The slave of vice and appetite hurries forth on the Lord's day to meet his debauched companions. If yellow sovereigns were as rife among them as blue eyes and felon cuts, they would guzzle mirth and hilarity out of many a gill. They meet by preconcerted arrangement at some given corner; they meet in their uniforms, and with epaulettes of filthy rags and empty purses. Strange as it may appear to the serious, well-disposed, and religious part of the community, who know no pleasure except that arising from the consciousness of having done good, the drunkard feels a strange but spurious delight in hearing a more circumstantial account of last night's quarrel from his companions than his own memory affords. His taste is vitiated, and the source whence that taste can derive pleasure and sobriety must of course be deprived.

How different from the above faintly-delineated character is the teetotaler! His home is neat, and clean, and comfortable; his wife is happy—she smiles upon him, and seriously blesses the history of their union. His children, the dear pledges of his love, are trained to habits of industry and sobriety; and by precept and example, the higher duties of moral and religious obligations are continually pointed out to them. The sober man maintains his parental authority unimpaired; he goes cheerfully to his work every day, and is seen more cheerfully hurrying to the house of prayer on the sabbath; his employers have implicit confidence in him, and his neighbours call him a good man.

The fact is, that the one is a good man, and the other a bottle. Every one knows the story of Bonosus, and his posthumous humiliation from the lips of his own soldiers; soldiers, I have no doubt, that often partook of the bibber's hospitality, and as often offered him the incense of adulation. But he was hung up on a tree, and the thing was reversed. And could the drunkard but hear the pitiful observations and bitter irony with which he is often spoken of by those venders of alcohol whose coffers he contributed to enrich, he would forswear any farther oblations at the shrine of Baccus.

But it is not on worldly or selfish considerations that I would rest the question of "*drink or no drink*," although these are cogent, and all on one side. The Bible utters its most fearful sentence against the drunkard—exclusion from heaven. Why, then, say some wise inquirers, have the inspired writers praised wine and its happy influences? The reply is one of a geographical nature. In foreign wine countries, especially in the Holy Land, the juice of the grape was not amalgamated with any other liquor. It was drunk by the peasant pure, unadulterated, as an article of daily food, the same as an Aberdeenshire ploughman drinks milk. Now, as such, it was a nutritive and wholesome beverage, and as a creature of Providence, well worthy of the praises bestowed upon it.

The drunkard and his companions look blue in each other's faces, until, by some lucky conjecture, they discover the possibility of raising the wind, and away they sneak to some back-door, which the cupidity of the spirit-dealer has left open, to help forward his purse and their ruin. The sabbath is spent by them in riot and dissipation; the moral atmosphere is contaminated by their oaths; the church, the Bible, and their families, are all disregarded, and the only study seems to be, how to obtain a larger portion of misery in this world, and damnation in the next!

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

(BY MRS. S. C. HALL, IN HER NEW WORK ON IRELAND.)

It was towards the middle of September, or, as they in Ireland usually style the period, "latter end of harvest," several years ago, that we were sedulously gathering a nosegay of blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, in the field of a dear relative, whose labourers were busily employed in reaping. A group of Irish harvesters are generally noisy, full of jest, and song, and laughter; but we observed, that, although not more diligent than usual, these were unusually silent—yet the day was fine, the food abundant, and no "sickness" afflicted the neighbourhood. Our ramble was accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog—Neptune, a fellow worthy of his name. After walking along at our accustomed pace (for he disdained idle gambols,) Nep came to a dead stand. There was a remarkable old tree in the hedge, so old that it was hollow almost to the top, where a few green boughs and leaves sprouted forth, as remembrancers of past days; the open part of the trunk was on the other side, so that a stranger, standing where we stood, could have no idea how much it was decayed;—at this old tree Nep made a point, as if setting a bird; he would neither advance nor retreat, but stood with fixed eyes and erect ears, in a watchful position. It occurred to us, that the reapers had whiskey, or some smuggled goods, concealed there, and we resolved to fathom the mystery; in accordance with this resolution, we commenced, first, a descent into what is called the "gripe" of the ditch, and then, seizing upon the bough of a sturdy little hawthorn, were about ascending, when two rosy-cheeked harvest-girls interposed—

"Ah, thin, don't, iv ye plase—(bad luck to you, Nep, for a tale-tellin' ould baste of a dog!—couldn't ye let the young lady have her walk?)—don't, iv you plase, Miss, machree, go up there. Faix, it's the truth we're tellin' ye, 'tisn't safe."

"What, Anty?"

"Whisht! an' I'll tell, but you musn't let on,* for maybe I'd lose the work. It's—*only a little boy we hid in the tree*!"

"A boy!"

"Ay, faix! he *was* a boy, the craythur; but he's an *atomy* now, wid whatever it is—maasles, or small-pox, or feaver, myself doesn't know—but it's bad enough. He's a poor scholar, the jewel! thravellin' to make a man of himself, which, if the Lord doesn't raise him out of the sickness, he'll never be; thravellin' the world, and ould Ireland, for larnin', and was *struck*† as he came here; and he thinking he'd have six months, or maybe a year, with Mr. Devereux, who has grate haythen as well as Christian knowledge; and sure no one would let him into their place, for dread of the sickness that brought lamentation into all our houses last year; and I found him," continued the girl, bursting into tears, "I found him shiverin' under an elder bush, that's unlucky in itself, and pantin' the little breath in his body out; and I'd ha' thought there would ha' been little use in all I could do; only what should I see, whin I took my eyes off him, but a cow lickin' herself the *wrong way*, and that gave me heart, and I spoke to him, and all he axed for was a drink of wather, and that I'd take him to his mother, the poor lamb! and she hundreds of miles away, at the back of God-speed, maybe; and sure that kilt me entirely, for I thought of my own mother, that the Lord took from me before I had sense to ax her blessin'. And ye'd think the life would lave the craythur every minute—so, first of all, myself and this little girl made a fine asy bed for him inside the ould

tree, dry and comfortable, with the new straw, and then we stole granny's *plaikeen** out of the bit of a box, and a blanket, and laid him a-top of it; and, when we settled him snug, we axed my uncle if we might do it, and he said *he'd murder us*† if we had any call to him; and we said we wouldn't because we had done it already; but, in the end, my uncle himself was as willing to do a hand's turn to the poor scholar as if he was a *soggarth*‡ which he will be, plase God; only the *sickness* is heavy on him still, and the people so *mortal* afraid of it."

In a little time, we discovered that the poor scholar, who rejoiced in the thoroughly Irish name of Patrick O'Brien, had been most tenderly cared for, not only by those kind-hearted girls, but by each of the harvesters; two young men, in particular, took it turn about to sit up with the lone child the greater part of the night, listening to the feeble ravings he uttered about his mother and his home, and moistening his lips with milk and water—the fatigue of the day's labour, under a scorching sun, with no more strengthening food than potatoes and milk, did not prevent their performing this deed of love and charity. When we discovered him, the fever—to use Anty's words—*had turned on him for good*, and he was perfectly rational, though feeble almost beyond belief, and only opening his lips to invoke blessings upon his preservers. We found that he had suffered from measles, rendered much worse than they generally are, by fatigue, want, and ill-usage.

The poor lad's tale had nothing remarkable in it—it was but one among many. He was the only son of a widow, who, having wed too early, was reduced from comfort to the depths of privation; her young husband closed his sorrows in an early grave, and she devoted her energies to the task of providing for her two children; the girl was blind from her birth; and the boy, whose feelings and manners would have led to the belief, so prevalent in Ireland, of the invariable refinement of "dacent blood," resolved to seek, by the way-sides and hedges, the information he had no means of obtaining in statelier seminaries. Those who know how strongly the ties of kindred are intertwined round an Irish heart—only those can understand how more than hard it is for the parent to part with the child. Notwithstanding, Patrick was blessed, and sent forth by his mother—an Ishmael, without the protecting care of a Hagar—amid the wilderness of the world. More than once, he returned to weep upon her bosom, and to repeat the assurance, that, when they met again, he would be a credit to his name. He had, as Anty said, sniffered wrong from an ignorant schoolmaster, who plundered him of the small collection the priest of his parish had made for his benefit, and then ill-used him.

His illness we have told of; his recovery was hailed with hearty joy by "the neighbours," who began to consider him as a property of their own—a creature they had all some interest in. He was duly received at the school, the master of which deserved the reputation he had achieved—for despite his oddity, and a strong brogue of the true Munster character, he was a good classic of the old *régime*, and a most kind-hearted man. Although no Dominie ever entertained a more exalted opinion of his own learning, or held *ignoramus* (as he pronounced the word) in greater contempt than Mr. Devereux, still, when he found a pupil to his mind, who would work hard and constantly, he treated him with such consideration, that the youth was seldom permitted to speak, except in the *dead languages*.

In less than a year, Patrick had become his teacher's right hand; he was not only his "first Latin," but in a fair way to become his first Grecian; and the only thing that

* Pretend to know.

† Taken ill.

* A square of flannel or shawl.

† A figure of speech.

‡ Soggarth, young priest.

tormented the worthy schoolmaster was, that Patrick was "no hand" at "mathematics." He wrote frequently to his mother, and sometimes heard from her; but at last came the mournful intelligence, that he could see her no more. She had perished of fever—one of those dreadful fevers that finish the work commenced by starvation, had taken her away from present care, and denied her all participation in the honours she anticipated for her son. The news crushed the heart of the poor scholar; and with it was mingled not only sorrow for the departed, but a deep anxiety on account of his little blind sister. "The neighbours," he said, "will, I know, keep her among them—a bit here, a sup there—and give her clothes enough for summer; but my dread is, that she'll turn to begging, and that would be cruel to think of—my poor little blind Nelly!"*

"Tell me," inquired the Dominie, resting his elbows on his knees,—"tell me, did the news you got, poor fellow, determine you on doing any thing particular?"

"It did, master; it did, God help me, and look down upon and bless you, and every one that has been kind and good to me!"

"What have you determined; or have you brought your resolution to a point?"

"I have, Sir. It's hard parting—but the little girl, Sir—my poor blind sister—the lone darling, that never wanted sight while she had her mother's eyes—the tender child, Sir; the neighbours are all kind, all good; but they can't be expected to take, for a continuance, the bit out of their own mouths to put it into hers—that can't be expected—nor it shan't be. I mean to set out for home, on Monday, Sir, please God, and be, to that poor blind child, mother, and father, and brother. She is all of my own blood in the world now, and I can't make her heart as dark as her eyes. Thanks be to the Almighty, I have health and strength now, which I had not when I left home—health, strength, and knowledge: though," he added, in a tone of intense sorrow, "that knowledge will never lead me to what I once hoped it would."

"What's to ail the little girl," said Mr. Devereux, at last, "to live, as many have done before her—in *forma pauperis*? Sure—that is, of a certainty, I mean—you found nothing painful in stopping a week at Mrs. Rooney's, and a month with the Driscols, and so on, and every one glad to have you."

"God reward them! Yes, Sir, that's thrue; and, of late, I've given the children, wherever I was stopping, a *lift of the learning*; but poor Nelly has no right to burden any one, while my bones are strong enough to work for her—and she *shall not*!"

"And how dare you to say that to *my* face, Patrick O'Brien?" screamed the schoolmaster, flinging his wig right on the nose of a respectable pig, which was poking it over the half-door, intended to keep in the little children, and to keep out the pigs. "How dare you—in your pupillage—say 'she shall not'? I say *she shall*! She shall burthen me. I say you shall go for her, and bring her here, and my old woman will be to her as she is to her own grandchildren, not a hair in the differ. When you go to Maynooth, we'll take care of her; my grandchildren are grown too wise, and I'll be glad to have a blind child to tache poems and things that way to, of the long winter evenings, when I'm lonely for want of the lessons; so now no more about it. She'll be all as one as the babby of my old age, and you'll be Father Pat, and maybe I'd have

* A poor scholar never considers himself a beggar, nor is he ever so considered—he *travels for learning*; and this bare fact entitles him to respect and assistance—it is regarded in the light of a pilgrimage, but not beggary.

the last blessed sacrament from yer hands yet." And so he had; for this is no romance. The blind child was led by her brother to the old schoolmaster's dwelling. Many of the neighbouring poor said, "God reward you, Misther Devereux; ye're a fine man;" but the generous act excited no astonishment: generosity of character is so common amongst the peasantry, that it does not produce comment—they are in the constant habit of doing things, and making sacrifices, which, if done long ago, would have been recorded as deeds of heroic virtue; but there are no village annals for village virtues; and, at the time, the schoolmaster's generosity made little impression on ourselves, simply because it was not rare, for near him lived a poor widow, who, in addition to her own three children, fostered one whom the wild waves threw up upon the shore from a wreck; and another, who took three of her brother's orphans to her one-roomed house; and another, who nourished the infant of a beggar, who died in her husband's barn, at the breast with her own baby.

The old schoolmaster is dead; but, before he died, he had, as we have said, the desire of his heart. A blind sister lives with "the Soggarth" to this day, and he is respected, as all deserve to be who build their own fortunes bravely and boldly, and, having laid a good foundation, are not ashamed of the labour that wins the highest distinction a free-born man can achieve.

SENDING FOR THE DOCTOR.

FIRST, when you wish a call from your medical attendant, always send a written note, and never a verbal message. A written note presents itself to the eye, and tells its own tale, without depending on the memory of the messenger. A message, on the other hand, progresses through at least two, often illiterate, brains, before reaching the doctor, viz. those of the person who carries, and of the person who receives it; and when not altogether forgotten by the latter, it is frequently so jumbled and confused with other messages received at the same time, as to be altogether unintelligible.

Secondly, give the address, as well as the name. This saves many mistakes. We know a medical man who lately attended three patients of the same name at the same time, and more than once went in great haste to the wrong house, in consequence of the name only being mentioned. Similar mistakes are not of uncommon occurrence, and are sources of much discomfort to the patient.

Thirdly, when practicable, send early in the morning. The medical man starts betimes on his rounds; and if he receives notice before going out, where his services are wanted, he can generally make the required visit when seeing his other patients in the same quarter, and so economise his time and leave more leisure for minute inquiry. If, on the other hand, the notice is not delivered till after he has left home, his labour is doubled and his time consumed by going twice over the same ground. This rule is of immense importance in the country, where the distance is very great.

Fourthly, it is a good rule, especially when sending in haste, to state the supposed seat and nature of the ailment for which advice is required. This enables the practitioner, as he goes along, to reflect on the constitutional peculiarities of the patient, and the probable influence of prevailing epidemics and the precautions which a knowledge of these may suggest in directing the treatment. The rule is of much importance in sending for assistance in the night time; because, from having some previous notion of the case, the practitioner may carry remedies with him, and give relief on the spot. And in all cases, it in some degree

prepares the mind of the adviser for the investigation of the phenomenon.

Fifthly, When any one is taken ill in the day time and likely to need assistance, send for it while it is yet day; and never wait, as too often happens, till midnight darkness frightens you into alarm. In every sense the last is bad policy. By sending early, you obviate mischief, secure tranquillity, and disturb no one; and there is no medical man who would not rather make a needless visit now and then, early in the evening, than be even once disturbed in the night-time, when perhaps he is already exhausted with the labours of the day.

Sixthly, when your medical attendant calls, proceed at once to business, and do not seek to occupy his time with the state of the weather, or the news of the day, before telling him what you complain of. A doctor's time is like a stock in trade, and you may with as much propriety make free with a yard of broadcloth in a merchant's shop, as with an hour of his time. Finish your consultation first, and then, if he has time to bestow in a friendly chat, you and he can settle the affairs of the nation, or the state of the crops, with comfort, because you then leave him at liberty to depart the moment his leisure is expired, which he could not do if you were to take the generalities first, and your case last. Every right-minded medical man will, even as a matter of professional duty, bestow some time in this way, when not much pressed: for without doing so, he cannot acquire that competent knowledge of his patient's condition, or exercise that wholesome moral influence over his mind, which are equally essential to obtaining confidence and successful results. Many people complain of the hurried and unsatisfactory visits of their professional advisers, when they have chiefly themselves to blame for insisting on long disquisitions, which have nothing to do with the purpose for which they were consulted.

Seventhly, when the doctor arrives, conduct him to his patient, or send away the friends who may be in the room, except the nurse or parent, if the patient be a young person; and follow this rule, however trivial the ailment. Professional inquiries, to be satisfactory, must often involve questions, which delicacy shrinks from answering in the presence of unnecessary witnesses; and even for a sore finger or broken shin, it may be required to enter upon such topics in order to prescribe successfully. Patients shrink from communicating their feelings and sensations in the presence of third parties, who may misunderstand and misrepresent them.

Eighthly, never attempt to deceive your medical adviser; for, besides thereby being guilty of an immorality, the deceit is carried on at your own risk, and may lead to the injury of others. If you conceal circumstances concerning your disease, which ought to be known, and your attendant is thus misled to prescribe on erroneous information, your life may be endangered, as well as his reputation, which is unjustifiably made to suffer by your disingenuousness. If your confidence in him is not such as to make you rely on his honour, good sense, and skill, change him for another, but do not practise deceit. Or if he prescribe medicines which you do not choose to take, do not lead him to believe that you have swallowed them, and that the present symptoms or change have been the effects of such medicines. By doing so, you cause him not only to prescribe erroneously in your own case, but also in that of others which he may consider analogous to yours; and if, by the persuasion of friends or otherwise, you have either broken through the regimen prescribed, or in any other way consciously departed from what you know to have been the intention of your adviser, do not add to the evil by farther deceit, but endeavour, at once, to obviate the consequence by a candid statement. And, lastly, do not, unknown to

your regular attendant, call in another medical attendant to ascertain what his views are. If you wish for their advice, have recourse to it openly and honourably, in the form of consultation, allowing your first adviser to communicate his views and observations both as regards the past, the present, and the future. This is required to enable the new comer to appreciate the situation of the patient, and decide as to treatment; and it is not only unworthy of an honest mind to attempt to obtain a surreptitious opinion, but the mingling of two methods of treatment, which almost always results from such a proceeding, does justice to neither, and is almost sure to hurt the patient, who alone deserves to suffer.

The above are a few general rules for every-day use. There may be exceptions to some of them, but to specify such exceptions would occupy much room, and be a waste of time.

AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. VI.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR: A DIALOGUE.—Look here, Sambo, you got dat quarter dollar you owes me? Sambo—La! Cuff, no. Money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile; there aint no money in circulation. Cuff—O sho Sambo, what de nashun you got to do wid Mobile? Nigger pay up, pay up, Sambo. Well, look here, Cuff—me hear massa tell more dan twenty men same tale; and I haint see no gentleman treat him like you me. Act like a gentleman if you is a nigger.—*Mobile Chronicle*.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.—The following will strongly remind the English reader of the election feats of the humorous Colonel Crockett:—A man resident somewhere in this state, and who sometime ago announced himself as a candidate for the legislature, in his address to the public, sums up his qualifications as follows:

"I believe I was the first civilized white man who skinned a coon, chased a deer, caught a bear, or treed a wild cat, on the West side of White River."

His views on the currency are not novel, but he seems to go against hickory leaves, (not to mention cotton rags):

"Fellow citizens, I am aware you are now satisfied that the salvation of us hoosiers depends on having an honest man to represent us; therefore, I pledge myself, if elected, to regulate and render entirely quiescent the legal and natural currency of the country, to wit, coon skins."—*Indiana Disseminator*.

A HINT TO THE SLOVENLY: TO PERFUME LINEN.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, and mace scraped; mix them together, and put them into little bags.—*New York Times*.

We know of a better way: boil the linen in soft water, rub it well in a tub of hot water, apply a liberal quantity of soap, rinse it, dry it, starch it, and press it with a hot iron. If this process is gone through faithfully, the linen will have the sweetness of the best of all perfumes, viz. cleanliness. A warm bath and scrubbing brush are excellent perfumes for the body. If gentlemen and ladies would use them more, and lavender, musk, and cologne, &c. less, they would smell sweeter than they now do, many of them. This is rather plain talking, but it is the truth.—*Boston Morning Post*.

HARD TIMES FOR THE FAIR.—The times are so bad, and payments so rare, that the girls down East, complain that the young men cannot even pay their addresses.—*New York Times*.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.—A neighbour of ours informs us that wood goes further when left out of doors, than when well housed; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night; but he had to guess at the mode of transition.—*Yeoman's Gazette*.

DOCTORS TURNED PATIENTS.—The *Buffalo Journal, U. S.* says, that city is so healthy, that the doctors have nothing to do—and seven of them were seen together on the pier fishing!!!

DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents, the ridiculous tumbles, and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel; indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes, at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motion, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, *we fetch away*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined; and often, before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled in the most ludicrous manner to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture. Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene: at this hour the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we must crawl trembling towards the table, and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the servant with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go stewards, servants, and little Mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another; the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the table, thinking of only saving their person; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to the chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion; every thing is in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again *fetch away*, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and although we are lashed in the chair ourselves, it is with some difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses clatter together in all the discord of the moment; the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected, and those who have escaped sickness again attempt to eat. Some foreseeing all these accidents fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves in security; but quickly they are tumbled in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births; some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with the spray; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness: while others lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding; some abuse the helmsman, others the ship, and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind.—*Pinckard's Notes.*

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

I HAVE faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations; that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call effort. Easy pleasant work does not make robust minds; does not give men such a consciousness of their powers; does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labour is a school, in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character; a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry.

I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts—by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome—by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use—by its perils, which demand continual vigilance—and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions—who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention—who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connexions with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You will here see, that to me labour has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament; it has a far higher function, which is, to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance, and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, rest, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task and quicken his powers.—*Channing's "Lectures on the Elevation of the Working Classes."*

POETRY.

THE HEIRESS'S COMPLAINT.

WHY tell me with officious zeal,
That I am young, and rich, and fair,
And wonder how my soul can feel
The pangs of sorrow and of care?

Why dost thou count the golden store,
The sparkling jewels that are mine,
And name the suitors o'er and o'er,
Who breathe their incense at my shrine?

Know that I scorn the sordid train
Whose loveless vows are bought and sold;
Know that the heart I sigh to gain,
Despises, spurns my worthless gold.

I love—I dare not breathe his name—
The son of genius and of mind;
He climbs the steepy path of fame,
Content to leave the crowd behind.

And while, in halls illumined bright,
I hear the same false flatteries o'er,
He patient wastes the midnight light
In studious toil, in learned lore.

Seldom he seeks the giddy throng,
And then he stands retired, apart,
And views the dance, and hears the song,
With listless look and joyless heart.

He turns from Love's all speaking eye;
His mind to fame, to science clings,
Throned in a world of visions high,
Of deep and vast imaginings.

My vaunted wealth, my flattered face,
The praise of coxcombs may employ;
But he regards that dross as base,
He holds that beauty as a toy.

Yet must I still reluctant wear
These flashing gems, these robes of state,
And nightly must submit to share
The paltry vanities I hate.

Oh! never shall the world deride
My passion with unfeeling jest,
While smiles of more than Spartan pride
Can hide the tortures of my breast.

Thy tears flow fast:—Now judge if gold
Can banish anguish from its shrine,
And say if ever tale was told
So sad—so sorrowful as mine!

VARIETIES.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION OF PHYSIC.—A foreign medical writer, apparently with no view of flattering the skill or vanity of his profession, has asserted that "physic is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease."—If this be true, it must at least be confessed, that the amusement is generally not very gratifying.

LORD BACON'S NOTIONS RESPECTING THE MOON.—Bacon partook of the notions of the ancients: he tells us that the moon draws forth heat, induces putrefaction, increases moisture, and excites the motion of the spirits; and what was singular, this great philosopher invariably fell into a syncope during a lunar eclipse.

PREJUDICE AGAINST HOPS.—Such was the prejudice, not to say ignorance, of parliament, in the year 1428, that it petitioned against hops on the ground of their being a *wicked weed*. They were first used in England in malt liquors in 1525; after which their medicinal virtues were discovered.

CHINESE OPINION OF POETS.—The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

The poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlour or the boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these times of pecuniary uncertainty.

MASONIC CEREMONY.—In Greece, when the foundation-stone of a building is about to be laid, the blood of a cock is sprinkled on the ground where it is to rest, and prayers offered up for the prosperity of the undertaking. When the undertaking is extensive, an ox is substituted for the cock.

NO HEATHS OR ROSES IN AMERICA.—It is tolerably well ascertained that the two Americas do not produce a single heath, nor the southern part of that continent a rose!

PLANTING TREES.—He who plants trees on his paternal estate, repays a debt to his posterity which he owes to his ancestors. A gentleman, whose lands were more extensive than fertile, used to plant 1000 trees on the birth of every daughter, upon his waste grounds, which were on an average worth one pound each on coming of age; thus enabling him to give her a fortune of £1000, without any extraordinary economy on his part.

WHALE DIVING.—A whale, when struck with the harpoon, will dive sometimes to a depth of 800 fathoms; and as the surface of a large animal may be estimated at 1,500 square feet, at this great depth it will have to sustain a pressure equal to 211,000 tons. The transition from that which it is exposed to at the surface, and which may be taken at about 1,300 tons, to so enormous an increase, must be productive of the utmost exhaustion.

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE AND CULTIVATION ON VEGETABLES.—The myrtle tree, which with us is a small shrub, grows in Van Diemen's Land to the height of two hundred feet, and has a trunk from thirty to forty feet in circumference. The wood resembles cedar. The Japanese have an art by which they are able to produce miniature *pinus*, bearing a perfect resemblance to the gigantic specimens of America, and only five or six inches high!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Newcastle Correspondent is respectfully informed that the article on the well-known nursery lines, beginning with "Jack and Gill went up the hill," from the pen of one of the editors of this Journal, was written at least twelve months before the American paper on the same subject to which he refers appeared; and if he will look into the Monthly Magazine, towards the close of 1834, or beginning of 1835, he will see it published there; being, if we remember rightly, six or seven months before a similar article appeared in a contemporary, as from an American publication. If therefore there be any plagiarism in the matter, the transatlantic writer is the guilty party.

In consequence of the extent of our correspondence, and the circumstance of our going to press a considerable period before the day of publication, communications cannot, at the earliest, appear until three or four weeks after they have been received.

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